

The Lancaster Ledger.

DEVOTED TO LITERARY, COMMERCIAL, AGRICULTURAL, GENERAL AND LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOLUME I.

LANCASTER, C. H., SOUTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 8, 1852.

NUMBER 31.

THE
LANCASTER LEDGER
IS PUBLISHED EVERY
WEDNESDAY MORNING.

R. S. BARLEY,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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A Temperance Story.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

THE INEBRIATE'S VOW;

THE VOICE OF GOD.

BY MRS. S. P. DOUGHTY.

"Drink to me with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine,
Leave but a kiss within the glass,
And I'll not ask for wine."

Thus sang Henry Graham as he rose to bid adieu to his lady love, the fair Helen Meredith, and at her invitation again took a seat and refreshed himself with a glass of wine and a slice of cake.

"That does very well for the poet to say, but for my part I like the kiss and the wine also," he continued. "What say you, Helen?"

Helen smiled and declared that she cared but little for either.

"Indeed, Helen! I am sorry for that. But seriously, what think you of the great temperance reform? No doubt it does much good, but I must own that I like a cheerful glass. My friend Selby was married the other evening, and if you will believe it, not a drop of wine was allowed at the wedding."

"That seems to be carrying the matter too far," replied Helen. "Intemperance is certainly a great evil, but it appears to me that there can be no harm in the moderate use of wine."

"Surely not, or of brandy either," said Henry. "We will have no lemonade wedding when we are married, Helen."

Helen smiled her assent, and after a few minutes' conversation, the lovers parted for the evening.

Alas, Henry Graham! Highly gifted in mind, of noble person and engaging manners—few could have imagined that he stood on the brink of a frightful precipice, from which, could his mental vision have been opened, he would have recoiled with horror.

And Helen, lovely and amiable, with a well cultivated mind, and a gentle, sensitive disposition, which rendered her wholly dependent for happiness upon the loved ones around her: she had given her young affections to one whom she fondly believed most worthy to be entrusted with the precious gift; and so indeed he was, had it not been for that one fatal propensity which rendered him an easy prey to the fell destroyer of domestic happiness, peace and joy.

Henry would have spurned with indignation the thought that he could ever become intemperate; but he knew not how frequently his excited spirits were produced by the unnatural stimulus on which he had already become too dependent. Unsuspected, stealthily, but, alas, too surely, even as the tiger springs upon its prey, does intemperance seize its victim.

A few short months passed on, and the lovers stood at the altar and solemnly pledged their faith. Every thing seemed to promise fairly for their future happiness,

and their numerous friends and acquaintances hastened to offer their warm congratulations.

The young couple were indeed most happy, nearly a year elapsed before even a shadow crossed their path. And yet the dangerous habit was daily gaining strength. A few glasses of wine or a moderate share of good brandy, were now considered by Henry as quite essential to his welfare. He "needed the stimulus, and could not attend to his business without it." Helen occasionally rallied him upon taking what she considered a somewhat immoderate quantity, and threatened to compel him to sign the pledge; but her remonstrances were made in playfulness. As yet, not a doubt or fear had crossed her mind.

Time passed on, and now another tie bound them still more closely together. A lovely babe smiled upon them and warmed their hearts with its looks of love.

The duties of a mother had somewhat abstracted Helen's attention from her husband. Although he still possessed her most devoted and earnest affection, even more, if possible, than previous to the birth of the child, she did not watch his every look and action as she had done when there was no other claimant to her love; and it was not until long after others had perceived and lamented his altered looks and manners, that her eyes were opened to the fearful change.

"Are you going out this evening?" asked Helen, with something of disappointment in her tone, as her husband rose from the tea-table, and took his hat and overcoat.

Henry hesitated. "I am sorry to leave you, Helen," he said, "but to tell the truth, there is to be a social party among the young men with whom I was acquainted before our marriage, this evening, and I urged me so earnestly to attend, that I knew not how to refuse."

"You have been absent so much lately," said Helen. "I long to pass one quiet evening with you. There are many things I want to talk about."

Henry blushed. Already he shrank from the thought of a long private conversation with his pure-minded, and as he felt, already injured wife; for in the closest and holiest of ties, evil and its baneful consequences cannot be borne by one alone; the innocent must suffer with the guilty.

Recovering his self-possession, he presently replied:

"My absence is generally caused by business, Helen. I devote little time to my own pleasure."

"True," returned Helen, quickly. "I would not willingly be selfish. Forget what I have said, and go to your friends. No doubt you need the recreation."

"Thank you, dearest," said her husband; "to-morrow evening I will be at your service," and begging her not to await his return, but to retire at her usual hour, he kissed her cheek and left the house.

There was an unusual depression in Helen's spirits, for which she could not account. She tried to occupy her thoughts with an interesting book, but found it impossible to fix her attention and soon threw it aside. She stole softly to the crib where her sleeping boy lay in his innocent beauty, and bent over him to listen to his gentle breathing, almost wishing that he would wake and demand that care which might drive away the feeling of loneliness and desolation which had crept over her, but she slept on soundly and sweetly.

Where spirits are united in the interiors of the mind, which we may regard as their heavenly home, it is impossible for one to be led astray by the temptations which constantly beset our earthly path, without the cognizance and suffering of the other. The evil, which at this day obscures all spiritual things, may not be sufficiently raised to enable the sufferer to perceive the cause of the mental disturbance, but the effect is sensibly felt. Anxiety, depression, and an undefined fear of evil in our own minds, are often the result of the errors or misfortunes of those with whom we are in intimate spiritual association.

To some it may seem strange that we can speak of spiritual union between one who has yielded to the more flagrant evils of our depraved nature, and an innocent being who seems the personification of goodness and purity; but thus it is.

Good and evil cannot indeed be united, but during our life in this world, there are few whom we can class as wholly evil, and none whom we are prepared to call without sin. Good and evil, truth and falsity, are strangely blended together, and even in the poor wretch who in a moment of infatuation has raised the fatal cup to his lips, there may be found redeeming traits which when deep repentance and reformation have followed sin, may still bring him into union with one who, perhaps less tempted, has wandered less from the path of virtue.

The weary hours wore on. Helen could not compose her mind sufficiently to retire to rest; and resolved to wait her husband's return. Midnight passed by; but this excited no surprise. It was not to be expected that he would leave his gay companions until a late hour; but when one o'clock arrived, and still he did not return, the heart of the young wife grew more and more sad, and a thousand dangers which might have befallen her husband, were conjured up before her; but, alas, her imagination pictured not the real danger—far more fearful than those which fancy presented.

Two o'clock struck, and Helen still sat motionless and statue-like, in that state of anxious listening which all of us have more or less experienced.

Another half hour and a step was heard approaching. She started up; it came

nearer and paused at their own door.

It must be Henry; but why did he not enter. Possibly he had forgotten to take the key, and hesitated about ringing for fear of disturbing the family. Filled with this idea, Helen flew to the door and opened it, and her husband staggered into the entry almost knocking her to the ground as he fell against her.

Nearly fainting from alarm, Helen leaned against the wall for support, exclaiming in faltering tones:

"Oh, Henry, what has happened? Are you hurt? Are you ill? Speak to me for the love of heaven!" she almost shrieked as the unhappy man gazed at her with a vacant stare, but without making any attempt to reply.

A loud and insulting laugh of derision was the answer to her last appeal, and instantly the dreadful truth flashed through the mind of the poor wife. For an instant the shock seemed too great to be borne and consciousness was suspended, but the deep, devoted love of a true woman overcame her weakness, and trembling in every limb, she closed the door, and inwardly congratulating herself that no eye but her own would witness this disgrace, she gently placed her hand on Henry's arm, and supported his unsteady steps to their own room. Another dreadful hour passed before her repeated and patient efforts had succeeded in inducing him to take off his clothes and go to rest; but at length this task was accomplished and he fell into a deep, heavy sleep.

Through all this the little one had slept, protected by the guardian spirits around it; but now he awoke and urged his claim to the mother's attention; a well timed call, for when the immediate necessity for exertion had passed, Helen would have yielded to the overpowering sorrow which had come upon her. But the infant cried, and her own grief was again hushed, while she ministered to its wants.

It is ever thus with woman. No thought of self intrudes, while aught remains to be done for the loved ones in whom her thoughts are centered.

The eastern sky was becoming bright with the light of day, ere Helen sought her pillow, not to sleep—for how could she sleep, when he who had so betrayed her trust lay by her side in the deep repose of drunkenness—but, her throbbing temples seem almost bursting, and her trembling form was unable longer to retain an upright position. Thought after thought crowded upon her mind. She could now see that this was no sudden and accidental downfall. Many little circumstances came to her recollection, which at the time had passed unheeded, but which now presented themselves in fearful array to prove that her beloved husband had indeed become what she shuddered to name even to herself. What should now be her course? Surely he was not yet irreclaimable. It should be her task to win him back to virtue. She would exert herself to make home even more attractive than it had hitherto been; and for Henry's sake she would consent to leave her babe more frequently with its attendant, and again mingle with the gay society in which he had formerly delighted. Not a reproach should pass her lips, and unless he forced the truth from her, he should not even guess that she was aware of his situation.

These thoughts tranquilized her, and feeling the insufficiency of her own strength to combat the trials before her, she poured out her full heart in prayer to her heavenly Father, and received in return that peace and consolation which earnest prayer never fails to bring.

A few hours of sound sleep brought returning consciousness, and a dim recollection of what had passed, to the mind of Henry Graham. His heart was filled with shame and repentance, not so much for the evil itself, but for the grief which he knew he must have occasioned his wife.—He dreaded to meet her eye or to hear the gentle tones of her voice; but her first words relieved him. They contained merely a kind inquiry for his health, and whether he had recovered from his fatigue. Surely she could not speak in this manner, if she had suspected the true state of the case. He endeavored to reply in an unconcerned and indifferent tone; but in vain; he could not return her looks or words of love; and when she placed the babe in his arms, he shrank from its touch as if he feared to contaminate one so innocent and lovely.

Well had it been for him if he had then paused in his course, and firmly resolved with the help of heaven to transgress no more. But he was again tempted and again he yielded to the temptation.

His almost heart-broken wife finding silent endurance, and devoted love of no avail, ventured to speak plainly on the subject, and poured forth her feelings in earnest and gentle remonstrance and entreaty, urging him to pause ere it was yet too late, and save himself and his family from the ruin which awaited them. But, alas! it was in vain. Henry's whole nature seemed to have changed. The prayers of her whom he had so lately almost idolized were now unheeded, and her fears treated with contempt and ridicule. His former unremitting attention to his business was now exchanged for idle, desultory habits, which soon involved his affairs to an alarming extent; but still he rushed madly on.

The friends of Helen thought it time to interfere. Her father came forward and warmly urged her to leave one so unworthy of her affection, and return with her babe to the home of her childhood. But Helen was immovable. Her first duty, she said, was to her husband. If he had been led into error, there was the more reason why she should remain by his side and endeavor to lead him back to the right path. If she left him, she felt sure there would no longer be a chance for his

reformation; but if she still clung to him, surely providence would open the way by which she could yet reach his heart.

"This madness, my child," remonstrated the afflicted father. "You must be well aware that your infatuated husband will soon be penniless, and if you still retain your connection with him it will be nearly impossible to aid you. You and your child must share his poverty and degradation."

"It matters not," returned Helen firmly. "I will abide by my husband. It would be little comfort to me to be surrounded with all that should make life happy and to feel that my husband was a wanderer upon the earth, without friends or home."

"But your child," still urged the disappointed parent. "Do you consider your duty to him? Think of the evils to which he will be exposed as a constant witness of the scenes which are enacted in the home of the drunkard. You shudder, Helen, and think me unkind, but I present to you the plain unvarnished truth. Your innocent boy, nay, even yourself, may be treated with personal violence."

"Oh! father, father, in pity forbear," exclaimed Helen, covering her face with her hands, and giving way to a burst of grief almost alarming by its violence.

But Mr. Meredith went on:

"Promise me, at least, Helen, that if what I have mentioned ever does take place, you will then consider yourself absolved from the tie which you now deem so binding, and will return to those who would spend their lives for your happiness."

Helen's wild sobs had ceased, and calmly though sadly, she listened to her father's earnest appeal. A moment's pause and she answered in low sweet tones:

"Never, father. Never while the breath of life remains in my husband, will I forsake him. Personal ill treatment will not abate my affection, for it is not he, but the demon who has for the time obtained possession of him, who would strike. But my child, my sweet boy! if this dreadful crisis arrives, he shall be yours. His wretched mother will leave him to the kind friends who would gladly protect him; and oh! if possible, conceal from him the misery and disgrace of his parents."

Much affected, Mr. Meredith turned away, and returned to acquaint the mother of Helen with the result of his mission. Weeks, months, and even years passed on, and Henry Graham had not pursued in his fearful course. As Mr. Meredith had foretold, poverty and degradation had come upon him, but still his gentle wife remained true to her purpose; and to the continued entreaties of her parents that she would come to them, or at least permit them to take her innocent boy from his miserable home, she answered with a quiet smile:

"The time has not come yet, father.—Henry has never treated us with personal unkindness. Even in his wildest moments a word from me will often quiet him, and I have seen tears on his cheek when little Arthur kneels to repeat his evening prayer. There is yet hope. His heart is not utterly hardened. Surely you would not have me leave him to destruction. The dark shadow which has fallen upon us will pass away, and we shall again be united in a purified and exalted love."

To such appeal the father could only shake his head mournfully, as if these were to him vain anticipations.

Little could be done for Helen's comfort, excepting to protect her from actual want; for nothing which could be turned into money was safe from her selfish husband's grasp. Even her own personal property, articles of jewelry, which she valued as remembrances of those she loved, had, one by one, disappeared.

It was near the close of a sultry summer's afternoon. Helen sat in her scantily furnished apartment with little Arthur, now a lovely boy of four years, by her side. The husband and father was absent and there was little reason to expect him home until a late hour of the night, for midnight carousing had now become an habitual custom. Still there was a chance that he might return to the evening meal, and Helen now laid aside her work, and rose to prepare the tempting morsel which she knew would suit his appetite, and also the more simple refreshments for herself and her boy. It was her own choice to perform this task herself, for she shrank from the thought of another witness to the constant degradation of her husband. The oppressive state of the air increased the usual depressed state of her spirits, and sighed so frequently and so heavily that little Arthur stole to her side, and slipping his hand into hers, said softly:

"Are you tired, mamma? I will help you set the table."

"Thank you, dearest," was the reply. "I do not feel very well this evening. I shall be glad of your help."

"You are not sick, like poor father," continued the little boy, as he carefully placed the plates on the table. "He has been sick a long time. How soon will he get well, mamma?"

"I do not know, dear. We will pray to our Heavenly Father for him."

"Yes, mamma, I do always pray that the Lord will make him better, and one day I thought the Lord had heard my prayer, for father patted my head and gave me some sugar plums; and when I put my arms around his neck and kissed him, he cried just as you do sometimes, mamma; but he soon grew sick again, and now he does not speak to me at all."

Tears rolled down the mother's cheeks as she listened to the artless prattle of her pure-minded boy; but she endeavored to control her feelings, and bade the child still to pray for his father, for the Lord would always hear his prayer, and in His own good time would make him well."

was gone. The sky was completely overcast, and one huge cloud of frightful blackness was rapidly rising. The wind moaned and sighed among the trees, and low peals of distant thunder were occasionally heard. There was every prospect of a violent tempest, and Helen hastened her preparations for supper, in the hope that her husband would seek refuge in his own home. In this she was not disappointed.

The street door slammed heavily, and his well known step was heard in the entry. He came in without apparent notice of his wife or child, and walked hurriedly to and fro in their small apartment. Helen saw at once that he had been drinking—not enough to appease his unquenchable thirst, but enough to produce irritation and partial derangement of the senses.

At her well known sign, little Arthur seated himself quietly in his chair, and with a picture book in his hand, remained almost motionless. Half an hour passed, and the hurried walk was still continued. Helen's gentle summons to the table was disregarded, excepting by an impatient gesture.

The storm had increased, and was now raging fearfully.

Suddenly Henry paused, and turning to Helen, demanded if she had not in her possession a golden locket containing his miniature and hair.

Helen trembled. It was the last trinket she possessed, and it had been carefully preserved, that her boy might see what his father had once been. She could not part with it even if she incurred his displeasure by a refusal. Mildly she replied:

"Yes, Henry, I have the locket, I am keeping it for Arthur."

"Give it to me. It is no longer of any value to you or him, said her husband."

"Indeed, Henry, it is of inestimable value to me, and I cannot think of parting with it."

The miserable man uttered an exclamation of impatience.

"Have you any money then?" he continued. "Something I must have."

"I have no money, Henry. But come and take the nice tea which I have provided for you. And look, here is your favorite dish," removing a cover as she spoke.

"I want nothing to eat. If you have no money, give me the locket at once."

"I cannot Henry."

Irritated by her refusal, he again paced the room restlessly, while little Arthur crept close to his mother and whispered—

"I have the gold piece my grandfather gave me, mamma. Shall I give that to poor father? Perhaps it will make him well."

"No, dearest, money will make him worse. Do not say that you have any."

But the whisper had been partially overheard, and Henry turned to his boy.

"Have you any money, Arthur? Give it to me. I will bring it to you again."

The child hesitated. He looked at his mother for direction, but she was unable to help him. At length he said:

"I cannot give you the money, father, because mamma says it would make you worse. She knows the best. One day I ate some raisins when she told me not to, and they made me sick. When you are quite well, I will give you all my money."

Unaffected by the sweetness and simplicity of the answer, the father replied, angrily:

"What nonsense you have put into the child's head, Helen. Give me the money at once, Arthur! I command you to do so."

The child still lingered, and exasperated by his delay, the infuriated man raised his hand to strike, but Helen sprang forward, and throwing herself upon her knees before him, flung her arms around the boy, exclaiming—

"No, Henry,—not that! for the love of Heaven strike not our innocent boy! Sever not the only tie which now binds us together."

But her appeal was lost upon one whose better feelings slumbered too deep for an earthly voice to awaken them.

His wrath turned upon her, and the blow intended for the child would have fallen upon the devoted wife and mother, had not the voice of God Himself, arrested the uplifted arm.

A flash of lightning so vivid that the eyes involuntarily closed before it, followed or rather accompanied by a deafening peal of thunder, and the crash of a part of the house in which they stood, was followed by that death like silence which often succeeds this concussion of the elements.

In the middle of the room stood the husband with his arm still raised over the lovely beings who knelt awe struck and motionless at his feet, all unhurt in the midst of the destruction that surrounded them. Fragments of glass, piles of mortar, and large splinters of wood, gave fearful evidence of the mighty power around them.

The arm of the guilty one was still raised, but no longer in insane wrath.—The whole expression of his countenance had changed—his soul bowed before his Creator and Father, and the first sound which aroused Helen from the temporary suspension of her faculties which had followed that fearful crash, was the deep full tones of her husband's voice, which thrilled to her heart as in days of old, uttering fervent prayers and thanksgivings for their miraculous preservation from a sudden and dreadful death.

Instantly her arms were twined around him, her head rested upon his bosom, and by the side of their child they knelt, while Henry solemnly vowed that the cup of intoxication should never again be raised to his lips; and with a full sense of his own weakness, earnestly and humbly prayed to the only Source of Strength.

The vow thus registered was never broken.

Selected Articles.

From the N. Y. Herald.

Cuba—Order of the Lone Star—Formidable Project of Invasion.

For some days past the *Courier & Enquirer* has been publishing a variety of mysterious revolutionary documents, relating to the Island of Cuba; but, as they emanated from a secret club in the island where anything like the organization of a dangerous conspiracy against its Spanish rulers is the next thing to an utter impossibility, we have scarcely held these seditious bulletins to be unworthy of a moment's serious attention. The *Courier* of yesterday morning, however, in its circumstantial disclosure of a formidable, active, and systematized revolutionary league, in these United States, with the men and the means necessary to conquer the island, and waiting only for the opportunity for a descent upon it, places the matter in the light of the most momentous conspiracy of the times. It thus assumes a practical shape and consistency, compared with which all other projects against European domination on the continent, or its contiguous islands, are visionary and chimerical; and its comprehensive tendencies involve all the hazards of a general war.

According to the statement of our cotemporary, it appears that there exists in this country a secret, wide-spread political association, known as the "Order of the Lone Star,"—but it has numerous divisions established all over the country—that in the city of New York and neighborhood there are some seven or eight divisions, "embracing several thousand men" who have all bound themselves to march, at a moment's warning, to Cuba; that these organizations comprise men of all professions, even including ministers of the gospel, and that, "their coffers are rapidly filling with gold." From the authority of Jose Sanchez Ysnaga; it further appears that there now exist over fifty divisions of the "Lone Star," in eight or ten of the States of the Union, forming an aggregate of fifteen thousand men, solemnly banded together for the liberation of Cuba. According to the constitution—

"Each member must pay at least three dollars for his initiation, five dollars for the second degree, and five dollars for the third, besides four shillings monthly dues; but nearly, if not all the divisions, have raised the scale of dues. As soon as three divisions exist in any State, a general assembly is formed, composed of two members of each division, elected by ballot.—These general assemblies are authorized to pass such by-laws and regulations as they may judge convenient for the good and increase of the order. The supreme council is composed of two members from each general assembly, elected by themselves, which is charged with the general interests of the order. The council has power to dispose of the funds, to levy contributions if it is deemed necessary, to name officers and agents, and to act as umpire in all disputes of grave moment which occur."

Here we have all the specifications of a systematic and formidable organization, originated by Lopez, and expanded into a sort of consecrated society since the bloody termination of his fatal and final expedition. The duty of vengeance is thus blended with the liberation of Cuba. The immense harvest of spoils, which a successful invasion would give to the conquerors, is thus held out as the reward of a pious crusade in behalf of liberty, and in avenging her fallen martyrs.

We can now account for the importance which the *Courier* has given to the revolutionary documents emanating from Cuba. In their connection with the "Order of the Lone Star," they have a deep meaning. No doubt the conspirators in the island and out of the island, are thoroughly advised of each other's movements, and are operating together in harmony. Powerless as the conspiracy in the island may be, it is intended for the most useful assistance to the invaders, when they shall again hazard themselves in a hostile irruption. Some guiding nucleus of the movement from the United States is indispensable at Havana; and a few sagacious and intelligent men are better than a large body; for if half the men enrolled in this country enlist in any future expedition, or even a third of them, and effect a landing they will require no help from the people of Cuba to effect its subjugation in a very few days. The contest will be one of extermination on both sides; and the achievements of the four hundred badly armed men under Lopez, may afford some estimate of what could be accomplished with four thousand well equipped. The best appointed Spanish force of twenty thousand would not be able to cope with them.

Nor are the obstacles to the mustering of three or four thousand men upon our shores, and their falling too, and landing upon the island, as great as many may suppose. What was done by Lopez may be done again; and November, December or January next, would be a good time for the work. The present administration will be going out, and its active supervision over our foreign relations will be to a great degree suspended. The new administration will not yet be in authority; and as for Congress, we apprehend that that branch of the Government will be looking towards the fishing banks, or some where else, and will be too slow to overtake the Cuban invaders till it is too late. And that the successful invasion of Cuba, by an overwhelming "liberating expedition" from this country, would be hailed with acclamation by the American people, there is not the remotest shadow of a

doubt. It would be a popular thing—the success of the "Order of the Lone Star" is evidence enough of the popularity of the scheme.

We say, then, this is a momentous movement. There is temptation enough in it to lure able, talented, and respectable men—men of character and men of means, to say nothing of the tremendous confiscations of government property and royalist's estates that would follow the liberation of Cuba by an invading army of patriotic adventurers. We should not be surprised to see our neighbor, who failed to become a brigadier general in the Mexican war, appointed, and bravely acting as a major general, in the projected conquest of Cuba. He may, even now, be a member of the Lone Star Association, for all that we know. He certainly appears to have been admitted into their secrets, if not into their councils. Whether Mr. Webster secretly leans to the acquisition of Cuba, or otherwise, we do not know; but at the time of the last Lopez expedition, he was supposed to be remarkably indifferent to the terrors of the Spanish minister at Washington. In fact, there is no telling how far the speculative schemes of Wall street—financial and political extend, till they are brought to light. We may rest assured, however, that if there shall appear to be a fair prospect for this Cuban enterprise, funds will not be wanting, even from Wall Street to help it on.

With respect to the consequences of a successful liberating invasion of Cuba, they can scarcely be overestimated. The immediate danger with us would be a war with England, France and Spain, all together; and yet from all that we can learn, we must prepare for that contingency, or prepare for the purchase of Cuba, before it is too late to avoid a war. What says Mr. Webster? Let him look to Cuba.

APPALLING SUICIDE.—Our community has been considerably excited by a suicide, committed within a few miles of this place, on, or about the 14th inst., under circumstances shocking to humanity. One Patrick Bartlett, a respectable young man, about twenty-two or three years of age, deliberately put an end to his own life, by suspending himself from a tree, with his stirrup leather, in a retired piece of woods, which caused strangling, and death.—He had been missing several days, but was found on the 16th inst., suspended from the tree; his body in an advanced state of putrefaction. The cause which led him to commit the fatal act, as we have been told, was an unhappy marriage, consummated some three weeks previous to his fatal leap. He had been in love with a young lady, but was prevented, by some means, from marrying her. Soon after his marriage, he carried his wife to see his parents, and there met the young lady, his former love, to whom he appeared to have been devotedly attached. Their feelings, upon meeting, overcame their sense of propriety, and they rushed into each others arms, embraced, and were melted to tears. This seems to have revived, in a tenfold degree, his love for her; and after carrying his wife back to her parents, said that he would go to Troy and mail a letter, which he had written; but it appears he came to the determination on the way to destroy himself; which he did, in the manner above described, according to the Coroner's Inquest.—*Troy, (Alt.) Palladium.*

FREE NEGROES.—We have heretofore alluded to the manner in which these people have congregated around and among us, contrary to the interests of our people and City, if not against law. The vigilance of our Intendant and Commissioners, for considerable time exercised, has restrained their further settlement in the City; yet we find them on the outskirts, in increasing numbers, fully content for all purposes of using the City for their pleasure or deprivations. It is true, a few of them are sober, honest and industrious; and against such we have no complaint to make; but the free negroes generally, as a class, are of no benefit to the community; but merely a pest and burden—they get their living in a questionable manner—seldom can be got to work for hire—set a bad and corrupting example to the slaves, who consider themselves, as good or even better than the free negroes, and entitled to greater consideration and privilege—are idle and vicious, at the present, and, as their numbers increase, bid fair to become intolerable.

Every City and town in the State—nay every county, should be invested by the Legislature with power of protection against free encroachment. It is not our province to point out the measure of remedy—we simply call attention to the subject, that public officers and reflecting men, may investigate the subject, and, if any thing is wrong put it right.

In connection with this subject, we are happy to perceive that the Intendant gives notice this week, that application will be made at the next Legislature for the amendement of our City Charter—see advertisement.—*Giraffe.*

THE first newspaper published in Virginia cost fifty dollars a year. It was published weekly, and advertisements were inserted for ten dollars the first week, and seven dollars for each week after.

BWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.—Counterfeit four dollar notes of the State Bank of North-Carolina, have recently found their way to Petersburg, Va. They are distinguishable from the genuine ones by the signature of the President, D. Cameron, which is a lame imitation, and other features upon them.